

TWO'S COMPANY.

Mother to her little girl: "It's very cold indeed, of you, Dolly, to hurt a poor innocent worm like that."

Dolly: "But, mamma, he looked so lonely all by himself, so I just cut him in two so he'd have company, and the two of him crawled off together just ever so happy." — *Pick-Me-Up*.

BELIEVING HER SEX.

Frost Little Girl: "Mamma, isn't your cat afraid of mice?"

Second Little Girl: "Oh, no, not a single one."

First Little Girl: "That's queer. And who's a lady without her fobs?" — *Tit-Bit*.

THE FATAL NUMBER.

Hoax: "Do you believe that thirteen is a fatal number?"

Joxie: "Well, all the people who lived in the thirteenth century are dead." — *Tit-Bit*.

WHAT HE WANTED.

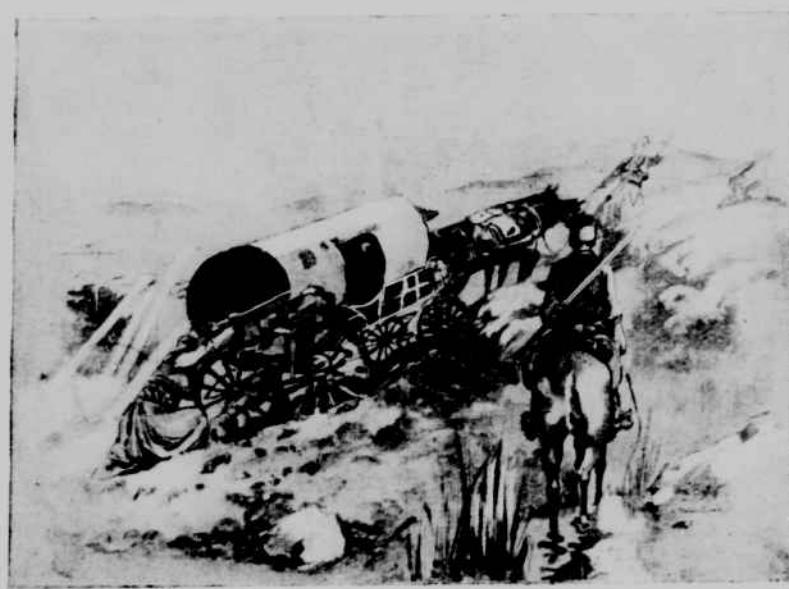


KENTUCKIAN: "Gimme a ticket to Liverpool."

Agent: "Selah?"

Kentuckian: "Selah, of course. Gimme a seat next to the bar and adjacent to the fire-lunch, and get me out of New York on time or I'll draw my gun on you."

A SPECIAL ARTIST'S CARRIAGE.



THE war cloud which recently rose above the horizon in Asia Minor sent scores of special correspondents and artists flying to the scene of the disturbances. The chief difficulty encountered by the newspaper men seems to have been the lack of proper means of transportation. Mr. Rene Bull, the clever war artist of the London *Black and White*, was one of the few representatives who succeeded in getting a carriage—which, by the way, he had to buy outright. What Mr. Bull's curious conveyance looked like he has shown in a sketch sent to his paper, which is here reproduced. The sketch was made just outside of Sultan-Tchair.

HIS RELATIONSHIP IN DOUBT.



"HELLO Pat; so your brother has a baby born to him? Is it a son or a daughter?"

Pat: "Sure, an' I don't know, Pete, whether I'm an uncle or an aunt."

BRIGGS: "DO you think that Snobson loves her?"

Griggs: "He went shopping with her." — *Judy*.

THE TOOL OF FATE.



ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

RUSTICS: "That is R a fine dashing young fellow."

OMNISCIENT: "Yes; he comes of a dashing family."

RUSTICS: "Military?"

OMNISCIENT: "No; his father was a haberdasher." — *Trifles*.

NOT SUCCESSFUL.

AUTHOR: "Only one thing kept my last novel from making a sensation."

FRIEND: "What was that?"

AUTHOR: "No one read it." — *Sketch*.

THANKS TO THE OYSTER.

SHE: "Oh, Jack, here's a pearl in this oyster."

HE: "Excitedly? Ethel, may—may I have it set in an engagement ring?" — *Pick-Me-Up*.

Tourist (in North Wales): "Wasn't there a steep hill here once?"

NATIVE: "There was, but the bicyclists objected to it, and the Rural Council had it removed." — *Tit-Bit*.

THE HANSOM CABBY.



WHEN she starts to do her shopping at the stores or at the bank, she always hails the handsome hansom-cabby on the rank.

Though the gee-gee's rather chippy, and the road is rather slippy, she knows her London cabby could drive safely on a plank. — *The Sketch*.